

The After Party

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The After Party

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Summary

“Boohoo cracker,” Dream laughed out incredulously at the fact that Sapnap really thought that they would have taken second place. The joke caused the entire teamspeak to burst out laughing, surprised at the dumb insult. Sapnap fell quiet. After Dream ended his stream, he got a notification from Sapnap.

Request: George and Sapnap aren't pleased with how snarky Dream was after his MCC win

Notes

DISCLAIMER: Please don't read this if you're uncomfortable with this pairing being written about explicitly. This story is entirely fiction, but these are real people. Please don't harass anyone in this fic about pairings or their sexuality – I recognize that Dream, George, and Sapnap are straight; this is just self indulgence. If either of them ever state that this type of content makes them uncomfortable, I will delete my work

“Boohoo cracker,” Dream laughed out incredulously at the fact that Sapnap really thought that they would have taken second place. The joke caused the entire teamspeak to burst out laughing, surprised at the dumb insult.

Sapnap fell quiet. After Dream ended his stream, he got a notification from Sapnap.

Get on teamspeak.

He logged back into his account and saw George and Sapnap waiting in the call. They probably just want to congratulate me, the freckled boy thought to himself as he clicked to join.

“What’s up?” Dream asked, still bubbly from the win.

“Mmmhh, fuck, can’t wait,” George moaned. The blonde boy tensed, feeling a scarlet blush take over his face. It was obvious he had entered in the middle of something, and he wasn’t sure what to do.

“Turn on facecam, Dream~” Sapnap teased in a playful tone. Looking at their facecams, he could see the pink blush decorating George’s face as he was biting his lip, and the sly smirk on the chestnut haired boy’s face. Dream turned on his camera obediently, heart racing for what was to come next.

“Congratulations on your win. We haven’t done this in a while, have we?” George asked, almost sarcastically, as he leaned into the camera to get more in frame.

“I guess not...” Dream trailed nervously. It was clear the other two boys had something up their sleeve, and if the almost condescending tone in George’s voice was any indication, they weren’t all that pleased.

“George and I were just talking... And I think congratulations are in order, so why don’t we have a little fun?” Sapnap grinned as he angled the camera down to get his face and crotch in frame. The Texan began to palm himself and groaned at the pleasure.

Dream gulped, feeling himself grow hot from the light moans reverberating from his headphones.

“Did so well on the last shot, we were all cheering for you,” George said. Dream looked down at the loose shorts George was wearing and could see the shape of the long cock growing hard, causing the blonde to gulp in anticipation.

The praise made the already flustered boy grow more embarrassed. Reaching his hand down to relieve some of the strain against the hardness at his crotch, the freckled boy began to unzip his pants before he was interrupted.

“If you don’t take your hand off of yourself right now, we’re both leaving the call,” Sapnap threatened. Dream quickly retreated his hands, anchoring them to his sides as he watched his screen intently.

“Hmmhh, if we were there right now, we would treat you so well. We’d just kiss along your neck and tease your ears, and you’d still get hard as a rock, begging us for more. Isn’t that right?” The dark oak haired boy purred into the mic as he slouched into his chair to get more comfortable.

“Or maybe, you’d prefer if Techno was here? Think he could make you feel better than us?” Sapnap asked, sneering.

Were they actually upset that he didn't team with them this time? They talked about it before, and they said it was fine. "What? No I--"

George cut off the taller boy, before he could try to explain himself. "Why don't you tell us how bad you wish you were with us? I can see how desperately you're looking down at our crotch right now."

The boys knew how much Dream loved dirty talk, and they knew exactly what to say to make the boy do whatever they wanted. "Wish you were here, could make me feel so much better. Please, can I touch myself?" Watching the two boys palm themselves as they whispered seductively into the mic was starting to overwhelm the green eyed boy, and the straining cock in his pants was starting to hurt.

"Hmm, what do you say Georgie? Has he been good?" Sapnap asked.

Dream nervously watched as George considered the question before nodding. "Good enough. Why don't you pull out your dick, but only tease the tip?" *Better than nothing*, Dream thought to himself as he finished unzipping his pants. Sighing at how good it felt to relieve the pressure on his straining length, the boy pulled out his cock that was starting to twitch with interest. The taller boy used his right hand to wrap a fist around the head, twisting it only around the head like how George had ordered. Dream threw his head back in both frustration and pleasure, wanting more.

The tan Texan chuckled. "You were acting so snarky earlier, where's your bite now?" Sapnap, still palming himself, used his thumb to trace the hard outline of his cock through his shorts, completely aware of how the sight was turning Dream on. The chestnut haired boy loved to tempt Dream, making him anticipate when he would finally give in and let Dream get a taste of what he wants.

"Need more, need more, please," Dream cried prettily, shallowly thrusting into his fist, making sure to not go beyond the tip.

The Brit watched as slick gathered around Dream's leaking dick. The large amount of precum dripping along the blonde's fist caused there to be an obscene squelch whenever he twisted his hand. It was barely loud enough for the mic to pick it up, but even so, George listened ardently. The pale boy couldn't help but smile at how cute Dream looked when he got needy, and decided to play nice (he did notice how obedient the younger boy was when the other two ordered him to tease himself). "Go get your toy and the lube, Dream."

Trying to hide his excitement, the boy reached over to his desk's drawer to retrieve the fleshlight and lube the other two boys had bought for him as a birthday gift. The fleshlight was made with a soft and clear silicone with ridges running along the sides. George and Sapnap purposely picked a model that was clear for moments like this, where Dream could fuck himself into it and the other two boys could watch him eagerly thrust into the toy.

"Coat yourself and slip the toy down, but don't move after that," the Texan instructed the older boy as he finally pulled down his shorts to prepare for the show. Coating his cock generously, Dream slipped the toy down, whining beautifully as the ridges along the toy scraped his sensitive dick. The desire to just fuck his swelling cock into the wet and tight heat was unbelievable, but his desire to follow the other boys' order was stronger. Sapnap bit his lip at how sexy Dream looked and pulled himself out of his shorts to stroke himself lazily.

George licked his lips at a riveting idea that he remembered from a conversation with the boys one time. "Hmm why don't we play a game to make things more interesting? Starting from one, you're going to work your way up the pyramid to ten. Each number we say, you're going to fuck yourself into your little toy those number of times, and then you're gonna work your way down. Got it?"

Dream nodded in response. “Good. Sapnap, why don’t I give you the pleasure of starting.”

Sapnap smiled as he whispered into the mic, “one.” Dream lifted and dropped the fleshlight back to the base in one motion, biting his lip at the friction.

“Two.” Dream repeated the movement twice. George could see how fast Dream was unraveling at their little game, even though the freckled boy was trying his best to keep in his moans. There was absolutely no way he was going to make it through the entire game without cumming.

“Three.” The tan boy quickly thrust into the toy, letting a small whine escape from how badly he wanted to bury himself into the toy repeatedly.

“Four.” Sapnap wanted to coo at how well Dream was doing so far. He knew it must have been hard for the boy to listen to George and himself whisper into his ear while watching him so intently. Teasing at his own tip, George began to swipe the precum beading at the head of his cock.

“Five.” The blonde boy was now panting as he engulfed the toy back onto the base of his cock. He couldn’t go on much longer, it felt too good. Hoping the other boys wouldn’t catch him, Dream began to very subtly squeeze the toy around his cock to relieve some of the tension.

George, immediately catching the movement in his hand, tsked at him. “Stop, Dream. You were doing so well too,” George growled in a dangerous tone.

Sapnap shot Dream a questioning look before continuing. “Six.” The light haired brunette stroked himself faster. Dream looked so sexy with the sweat beading at his forehead and the veins popping out of his hand from trying his best to hold himself back. Eyes trailing down the screen, Sapnap could see the boy’s cock standing proudly in the toy. He had never been more grateful for clear silicone than in that moment. Sapnap quickened his own thrusts, imagining it was the freckled boy’s hand wrapped around his length.

“Seve-n,” Sapnap stammered. His own dirty imagination was going to get himself in trouble. It would be embarrassing if he came before Dream, so he slowed down his thrusts.

“Eight,” George continued, catching that Sapnap was slipping. Pumping his cock in tandem to Dream’s thrusts, the British boy could also feel himself get close.

“Sapnap, George, I’m so fucking close. So close, please I need to cum, I can’t do this anymore,” Dream cried out, on the verge from hyperventilating from each of his delayed orgasms.

“You’ve been so good, it’s okay Dream, go ahead,” George praised. On any other occasion, Sapnap and George would have refused and punished Dream for losing the game, but it was clear that everyone in the call was on the verge.

Thrusting into the toy briskly, Dream came with a shout. “FUCK, fuCK, FUCK,” the taller boy cursed as he stuffed himself in the toy as far as it would go.

George watched as Dream’s cum shot out of the open top, hitting his desk and beautifully tan thighs. Stroking himself faster, George imagined the pretty boy in front of him. Imagined him getting on his knees, waiting for George to cum all over his face. The thought made George groan into the mic as he spilled. “So good, so beautiful Dream,” the Brit praised.

“Shit, I’m close too,” Sapnap moaned as he started to twist his hand around his member as he stroked it. The sight of Dream spent and panting, coated with cum, was too much. Thrusting up one last time, Sapnap came. “Mmmffm, fuck,” the Texan moaned as he slouched forward.

When all of their breathing steadied, Dream asked what had been on his mind since the call. “Were you guys actually upset at me earlier? For teaming with Techno?”

“Of course not, Dream. We didn’t really appreciate how cocky you got after winning, but everything was just playful. Thought it’d be fun to play off the win,” George responded.

“Boohoo cracker was iconic after all,” Sapnap laughed.

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